



# The Bakers



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## Chapter 1 by Kenzawenza

My parents, Pita and Filone have three children. Two of them are little tots. Then there's me. I am the eldest. My name is Rye.

My sister is called Brioche and the youngest, my brother is named Massa. We are all named after types of bread, as our last name is Baker. Ironical isn't it?

But what was even more ironic was when a family moved in next door last summer. They were the Apples; Mr. MacIntosh Apple, Mrs. Delicious Apple, their son Jonathan Apple, and their daughter Ann Apple.

## Chapter 2 by Kenzawenza



**\*However that summer also harbored the arrival of something even more ironic... the\***

Ann Apple was the prettiest girl I had ever seen. She was also the kindest. We soon became friends, and often baked apple bread together.

## Chapter 3 by SaintSayaka



But Jonathan wasn't too bad himself, as far as friends go. He wasn't the type of boy who minded hanging out with girls, like some of the boys in my sixth grade class at the time. We got along just fine, and while our relationship wasn't based in playing video games and not, like with Ann, a bake-fest.

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I just didn't know how to break it to him that his best "girl friend" had a crush on his younger sister.

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